WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

BOOTS and SHOES

Of any General Store in Salina.

360 pairs Ladies' Serge Shoes,

Worth \$2.50 and \$3.00 per pair, for \$1.25.

We Keep the BEST and a Full line of Everything.

With neatness and dispatch. No. 85 Fifth street, Salina Kansas.	Granulated Sugar, the best				8	pounds	for	\$1.00
	Granulated A Sugar, .			-		pounds		
HOUSE, Sign, Carriage, Fresco Painters and Grainers, Paper Hanging etc. Shop on Ash street, in rear of Kansas Central Land Agency.						pounds		
street, in rear of Kansas Central Land Agency.	Light C Sugar,				10	pounds	for	1.00
WILLIAM SULLIVAN'S	Yellow C Sugar -		•			pounds		
Improved Climax Fanning Mill	Dark C Sugar,			-		pounds		
swhister amings saming will	Good Coffee, 8 lbs for \$1.00.				-			

WILLIAM SULLIVAN'S Improved Climax Fanning Will

Office in Post Office Block.

LOVITT & WILSON.

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW

Salina, - Kansas, Epecial attention given to collections.

JOHN B. O'MALLEY.

Attorney-at- Law

Office over Sale's Ifrug Store.

Salina, · Kansas

J. W. JENNEY.

Office in Journal Block, Iron Avenue, ! ansas. Special attention given to disea omen and children.

E. .R SWITZER, M. D.,

HAVING located in Salins for the practice of his profession, would tender his services to the

ult to his friends for past paronnel to be recently to his friends for past paronnel, he would respectfully solicit a continuation of the same. Resignees and the same of the

DR. R. E. NICKLES,

DENTIST. Fine Gold fillings a specialty. Art ficial terth on Celluloid, Rubber and Metallitists. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the

F. M. SCHNEE, DENTIST. Particular attention given to the preservation of natural teeth.

Office in A. F. Shute's building, next door nah & Son's store, Santa Fe avenue.

S. C. SERVILLE

HOUSE, Sign. Frence and Carriage Painter Marbling graining and paper hanging den with neatness and dispatch.

Homeopathic Physician

AND SURGEON.

Special attention given to Collectionn-

SALINA, KANSAS. p located on Iron avenue, near the bridge

R. P. CRAVEN

BRANIFF & CRAVENS.

Loues paid at this office.

Attorneys at Law Call and see us before purchasing any goods and set prices. Send for samples All goods warranted as represented

SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1881.

We quote a few Prices in Dry Goods

	Prints,		5c, 6c and 8c per yard
	Brown Cotton,	-	6'e, 8'c and 10c per yard
	Bleached Cotton,		81c, 10c and 121c per yard
	Heavy Shirting, big bargains,	٠	5c per yard
	Extra Good Gingham, -		- 10c and 12c per yard
	Good Fine Brocade Suiting,		9c and 10c per yard
	Pure Linen Handkerchiefs for		5c each.
1		or in P	*

FAMILY GROCERIES

Granulated Sugar,	th	e b	est				8	pounds	for	\$1.0
Granulated A Sug	ar.	-		*		-		pounds		
Extra C Sugar,					٠		9	pounds	for	1.0
Light C Sugar,					e:		10	pounds	for	1.0
Yellow C Sugar					•		11	pounds	for	1.0
Dark C Sugar,	•		-					pounds		
Good Coffee, 8 lbs fo	or\$	1.0	0.				- 2			
Batton Coffee										

Extra Good Coffee, 5 lbs for \$1.00. Choice Coffee, 4 lbs for \$1.00. Government Java, 4 lbs for \$1.00.

AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.

LITOWICH & WOLSIEFFER, SALINA KANSAS

TO "MRS. OCCASIONAL."

EDITOR JOURNAL: I am very sorry see " Occasional" prefix a " Mrs.," for I am exceedingly loth to believe that any gentleman, much less a lady, would, when discomfited in the arguing of so vital a question, resort to the He doth all things well. so adorning a swine's snout on earth, on the Great Day of Accounts glittering in an angel's crown.

Be not fearful to entertain swine, for wares. Are you perfectly sure that in these latter days of adulteration and fraud that your pearls, that you so fear of wasting, are not counterfeit? Many are. Let us examine a few. Are we to take the Bible literally as it reads in every place? Certainly not." The Infidel says the same, and therefore in his vain reasoning he has destroyed the Fall, Atonement, Heaven and Hell. He declares them all figures of speech. Consequently our power to save him is gone. If God intends us to take the Bible as it does not read, then we are not on the bread sea of reason and infidelity, with neither chart nor compass to guide. Nothing can save a person when once embarked on its wild, tumultuous sea. If each is to judge what God meant, when he did not mean what he said, then who can be saved? Is it possible that God, like weak man, said one thing and meant another? Beware of such specious reasoning, for if so, the whole Gospel plan may be a mere figure of speech, and Jesus a myth. This allowing reason to judge what is God's word is daily swelling the doomed ranks of creed and the deifying of human rea-

Again says "Occasional," "I have

tried to keep the happy mean." No

doubt of that. Thousands have eat and drank in the Saviour's name, who who will say to them at last, " I never knew you." Did Jesus keep the happy upon and driven from city to city, crowned with thorns, and crucified at last? Did Paul and the disciples keep the happy mean when condemned, imprisoned, plagued, shipwrecked tormented from village to village, and driven from house and hamlet, and at last suffering awful and torturing deaths? Did Cranmar, Latimer, Huss, Wickliffe and the millions upon millions of Christian martyrs, who willingly gave up their lives to faggot and fire, that souls might be saved and Christianity be the savior of life unto life, and the sait which had not lost its savor, keep the happy mean? Has the time come to ride to heaven n beds of roses, while history i crowded with the sorrowing hearts, bowed heads and bleeding feet of the millions of battle-stained pilgrims who bravely bore the Cross to gain the crown? Does "Occasional" think that the popular crowd is on the road to heaven, with its garments stained with vain pride and selfish show? O how many alluring snares does the enemy of souls set for the easy-going and worldly Christian! Beware, be-

Again: "Would it not be as well to spend money for that carpet, to save that wife the hard labor, as well as the time of scrubbing?" Aye, aye. Hard labor and scrubbing you are aux ions to avoid, is it? Jesus says, " My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The apostles all worked. There is no lazy royal road to heaven. The Cross must be borne. I once heard a missionary say that a tract, costing a penny, was often the means of converting several souls, perhaps scores and would it enhance my heavenly joys to know that hundreds of souls were writhing in hell, when that car pet money, expended in tracts, would the full significance of eternal woe while we, as Christians, are spending at the same time behold the world lying in wickedness, and the broad road of a happy mean crowded with the devotees of idol worship? O let us take heed to our steps, and discrn ere it is too late that popularity is not Christianity, and that the thousands of idols erected in our homes are not the one true God. Let us not so fear tabor and scrubbing, if thereby we can save sor s. I rather scrub my armsoff than see the sinners suffer in hell, because of our bright carpets, and vain pictures. Better enter into eternal life, maimed from scrubbing, to save souls, than to hear that unwelcome verdict, "depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devils and his angels." You lived on earth in a happy mean worshiping the idols of time and sense, while thousands around you were wending their way with them in eternal woe. I was hungered and you bought carpets that you might not scrub. I was thirsty and you expended your money for daubs of chromos. I was in prison and you went with the time-serving crowd to visit Sara Bernhardt and Louisa Kellogg. You tried to sail to heaven on flowery beds of ease, enjoying the happy mean, while millions of poor heathen had never heard of my dying blood. You faithfully served the idols of fashionable pride and show. Now receive your doom. He who saveth his life shall lose it. I never knew you. Forever depart where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

A REPLY TO "OCCASIONAL" AND MOTHER."

that is not allowed in our churches. We have our divines to point the way of duty. We are called backsliders if we depart from the way marked out. We are told that God's ways are past finding out. We must have faith, for

final dodge of "not wishing to cast I am glad that you need no money pearls before swine." Persevere, sis- at South Greeley-no poor now needter, for you may find those very pearls ling the bread of life. It must be an oasis in Kansas.

In the case of the victim of man's perfidy, you say, "God pity the poor girl, for man will not." Will woman some have entertained angels una- by telling him to go free, receiving him in her home, while her sister is crushed beneath the world's scorn? Is this

following Christ's commands? "Mother" has answered my ques tions to the point. I have my doubts about her sex. She is too logical for a roman. From my own observations she has struck the key-note to the true cause of the decline of pure and undefiled religion—the almighty dollar, fashion and style taking the precedence in our churches, as they do in all the walks of life; the pure, devout follower of Jesus taking a back seat, willing to be a servant of the Lord. I have often thought if Jesus should come in our midst to-day, the humble Nazarine clothed as he commands us to be with the spirit of humiliation, would He be discovered? Should He offer the bread of life freely without price and perform miracles, would they be received? Why de we not do the could die.

Her mother seat for her to come down to dioner. There was, she said, no use in staying up stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice, warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some she'll cut you anse of the decline of pure and undethey be received? Why do we not do you don't shine up some she'll cut you such things now? Did He not tell us to follow Him, and by our works we should be known, and even greater we should do? What did He mean, if this is why religion is declining? Why do we not wake up before the spirit leaves us, and our church totters and falls? Where is that great love for the poor, the widow and the fatherless? Jesus plainly tells us, the infidelity. Away with the Infidel's spirit leaves us, and our church totters erless? Jesus plainly tells us, the poor ye have with ye always. Thanks for "Mother's" kindness in answer-

ing my questions. Being "an old, blue l'uritan," pardon me, Mr. Editor, if I ask these questions that I may be mean when buffeted, maligned, spit led in the right path. PURITAN.

A DARK DAY.

Hetty Lock wood sat at the open wir a big basket of undarned stock by her side, a new copy of the while within reach a bright butterfly novered about a newly-opened honey-suckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess, and her eyes wandering wistfully out beyond the shaded villers at the shaded villers. the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering on the sparkling river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit uietly down and darn stockings A girlish voice aroused Hetty. Look

gate.
"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely, and I have something to tell you."
"I am effect! I would have something to the household work; and when her mother, observing only that the

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while moth-er is in the kitchen." Then I will have to tell you now

suppose came close under the windew and said, with a mischievous smile:
"Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?" I don't know who. The new min-

"No, indeed. Somebody very dif-erent from that int, red-faced old codg-"returned Susie, irreverently.
Oh, Susie, who was it?"
Now, it was Mr. Walter Hayes

Now, ain't you surprised?"

A vivid flush dyed Hetty's fair face he made no reply, and Susie contin

His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent m on business from Philadelphia to —, and as this wasn't much out of he way of his home, they gave him have to stop here for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. the told me when I met him just now.
He arrived only an hour ago, in the
stage from Cox's Station, and that is
how I came to see him before you did.
Hetty," she added, laughingly.
She passed on, leaving Hetty with
flushed cheeks and brightened eye.
No wonder. For more than a year the

thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, bidding her good-bye before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. Sheremembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand, and how he had said to her, in voice that was low

and trembling:
"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upwards of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, besides the Saturday's chores."

Hetty patiently resumed her work; but she was very glad when towards sunset it was all done, and she had liesure to run up to her own little room and never in her life had she taken pains with her appearance as

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door. How tumultuously her heart best when at length it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss some church matters with her father. Then she began to look at the clock, and her heart grow fainter and fainter as she saw it slowly traveling around to eight o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when, at a quarter of nine, Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also arose, and lighting her bedroom candle, went slowly and sadly up stairs.

When, next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table:

EDITOR JOURNAL: It would not do, Mr. Editor, for "Puritan" to be vanquished by a woman. I fear she will have the last word if I do not reply.

Why is it, "Mrs. Occasional," that our children are so ready to depart from the good old-fashioned training taught by rules laid down in the Bible? We claim it to be the inspired word of God. How can it be possible to hats beautiful Psalms so full of power, prayer and than ksgiving? I fear that little girl was naughty and perverse, not to love those dear old

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone, but Mrs. Lock-wood was too busy with the steaming coffee pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you had gone up stain," she continued. "He saked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadel-phis girl, you know, and I know, until he mentioned it, that he was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing like city life for giving people what they call style. Make Eddie's milk toast while I pour out

hat young Hayes was paying attenlies to Mim Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do
well. Don't bolt your food like that;
cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart.
She said nothing, but she could not
swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale
looks:

"Don't you feel well, child? I noticed that you were fidgety last night.
You're feverish, I doubt, with the
spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go her own room and lie
down. There was never a fire in her
room, but she drew the bed-clothes
over her head and wished that she
could thus shut herself out from the

sould thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet foolish whole world. She felt foriorn and miserable. All her sweet foolish dream of love seemed to have been stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sant for her to come

"William, don't let me hear any

travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this.
She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her

head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic moth-ers to whom they thus turn; and Het-ty went again to her lonely room, and wrapping herself in a shawl, scated herself at the window and looked list-lessly out.

mother had observed, how improved in appearance. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn looking, with her hair all dis; ordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs, though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched, and Walter

mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant, and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty set off alone on her walk

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across the field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of the hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when the rich set out on her returns

time talking, and it was late when the girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway. Hetty paused at the stile which opened into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beech bows, and a breath of spring-time fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and lookshe stood resting on the stile and look-ed dreamily on the white clouds over-head.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to

stand still.

He came straight towards her, his hand extended, his lip smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

went on her face.
"Hetty, I have wanted so much t

see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of his brown eyes, and she answered, simply and

naively:

"I thought you had forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you?"

She could not have told how it happened, but somehow she found herself seated on the top of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close—ah! very close—to his, whilst all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miraeles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

work in our lives.

As they walked slowly ho together ne told her that one thing and another had prevented his seeing her among the rest, Bill having told him confidently at the church that she was oo sick to come down stairs that day —a statement which he had unfortu-nately credited, and when this morn-ing he called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he lost no

time in time.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell?"

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married about Hetty to our junior partner.

She has been kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and prospects, and to ask you, darling, if, when—"

And the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken, and ifetty wondered, as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day, yesterday.

are we indebted for such a title? We now have presidents of railways, banks, insurance companies and similar institutions, and, by comparison with foreign lands, we learn that the chief officer of the bank of England is called a "governor." and the ruler of a British college is called a "principal" or "dean of faculty." President, on the other hand, is an American term. If the question be, therefore asked who designated this term to our chief magistrate, the reply would be Benjamin Franklin, whose mind was always adequate to an emergency. Twenty-five years before the Declaration of Independence Franklin proposed a colounal convention at Albany for the narrows of consolidating American beyond many of his predecessors. He was of more than an average size, and of proportions that an average size, and of proportions that suggested dignity if not elegance. Buchanan was a feeble-looking old gentleman, whose white choker suggested the clerical order. His counternance, however, showed that he was not a man of progress, and rather suggested the fossil order of intellect.

Lincoln was the most uncount of all the presidents. He did not, it is true, have the vulgar aspect of Andy Johnson, but there was such ungainly manners and such length of limb that it was much against personal appearance. His countenance was suggestive of Andy Johnson, but there was such ungainly manners always adequate to an emergency.

Twenty-five years before the Declaration of Independence Franklin proposed a colounal convention at Albany lor the surance of consolidating American that the shreds rend the very first we tell you so? 'Rah for Cavy Tomanaugh!

Lincoln was the most uncount of all the presidents. He did not, it is true, have the vulgar aspect of Andy Johnson, but there was such ungainly manners and such length of limb that it was much against personal appearance. His countenance was suggestively and the shreds rend the very first we tell you so? 'Rah for Cavy Towanaugh!

Lincoln was the most uncount of all the shreds rend the very first

a natural idea. At first this office was merely "president of congress;" but when the present constitution was adopted he was made really a "president-general." Franklin lived long enough to behold the inception of his scheme in George Washington, and the latter found him on a bed where he passed through Philadelphia on his way to New York. Franklin died soon afterward, but the news of the inauguration cheered his last hours. He saw the fulfillment of his early scheme, since the president was, by the censtitution, "commander-in-chief of the army and navy." He was in-

NUMBER

of the army and navy." He was indeed the "president-general."

It is well for us to recall the fact
that our government had its inception
in social life. Washington and his
first cabinet were married men. The
first president had two adopted children. His successor, John Adams,
had a highly gifted wife, and a son
whom he lived to see in the presidential chair. Jefferson was a deeply-bereaved widower. His wife died twenty years before he reached the presidency. They had eight children, all
daughters, only two of whom survived
infancy. Madison was married but
had no children. His wife was the
most elegant woman that ever adorned the presidential mansion. She surmost elegant woman that ever adorned the presidential mansion. She survived him, and was for many years the pride of Washington society, having lived to listen to Henry Clay's farewell speech in the senate. Monroe's wife died early, leaving him a daughter, in whose care he died. Jackson was a widower, and so were Van Buren, Harrison and Tyier. The latter, soon after his elevation, married the heiress, Miss Gardiner, of this city. He was the only president that married during his term of office. Polk was a married man, and his widow survives. General Taylor was a widower. Pierce was a married man,

but Buchanan was our first bachelor president, and ought to be the last. The social condition of such men as successors, needs no reference, except to add that Grant is the first president

office.

It is to be observed that all the presidents were, with one exception, representatives of christianity. Washington, however, was the only one who, while in office, was a church communicant. He was an Episcopalian, and was very regular in his attendance on worship. John Adams married a clergyman's daughter (Abigail Smith), but he did not accept her views. He was inclined to Unitarianism, which, in his days, was becoming very prevalessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she met a pair of brown eyes suddenly; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance. And she—what could in appearance. And she—what could and his election was opposed by some, and his election was opposed by some,

and his election was opposed by some, on the score of infidelity. After Tom Paine had written the 'Age of Reason,' Jefferson invited him to return to America, which was understood to be a direct recognition and acceptance of his opinions. Infidelity, at that time, was so fashionable, that in polite society it was rather eccentric to avow dif-ferent opinious.

Madison, while a student at Prince-

ton college, was of a religious turn, but it wore off under the cares of office. His early religious connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored Episcopacy. John Quincy Adams was inclined to Unitarianism. Jackson was a Methodist, and died in Buren was brought up in the Beformed Dutch church, but afterwards became inclined to Episcopsey. Harrison favored the Methodists. Tyler was an Episcopallan. Polk was bap-tized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office had expired. Taylor favored Episcopacy. Fillmore attend-ed the Unitarian church. Franklin Pierce was a member of the Congregationalist society in Concord, but was a Presbyterian. Lincoln attended Gurley's church (Congregationist) as and simply the antithesis of poet. The word has now a sadly different signi ber, though his religious convictions were deep. Johnson's and Grant's predilections are well known. Gar-field is a Campbellite, a sect very ex-tensive in the southwest, where Alex-ander Campbell once exercised great influence. They are much like the Methodists, but practice immersion.

were generally men of good personal appearance. The extremes in point stature were Potk and Lincoln latter of whom was six feet four, while small. The first four were men of much dignity. Concerning Washington, nothing need be added on this point. He was the beau ideal of manly beauty, even in the latter days, and when Stuart undertook to paint his portrait, the artist was so overcome with the majesty of his patron, that at first he was unable to proceed with his task. John Adams lacked Washington's noble stature and grandeur of mien, but he was a man of much dignity. Jefferson was of noble personnel—tall, well built and of imposing appearance. Madison had merely a

nel—tall, well built and of imposing appearance. Madison had merely a respectable look, and being dressed in black, presented much the sppearance of a clergyman. Monroe and Washington were the only presidents that served in the field during the revolution They were together at Trenton, where Monroe was a lieutenant and received a ball which he carried through life. Monroe was a lieutenant and received a ball which he carried through life. He was the last of the revolutionary presidents, and wore the cocked hat and continental uniform, which became him to a remarkable degree. John Quincy Adams, like his father, was stout, thick set, and deficient in point of stature. Jackson was tall and gaunt, with bristling hair, and a nervous but deficient countenance.

Van Buren lacked personal dignity, and, indeed, was the most deficient of all our presidents in physique except Polk. Harrison was a man of much personal dignity. Tyler was a spare-

Polk. Harrison was a man of much personal dignity. Tyler was a spare-faced man, with a broad, thin nose, which gave him rather a comical ap-pearance. It was his station as presi-dent that won the hand of the rich woman, Gardiner, rather than any personal attraction. Polk was, as has woman, Gardiner, rather than any personal attraction. Polk was, as has been said, a small man, with a coid, repulsive countenance, and a hard, staring pair of eyes that were singularly free from anything like a kindly, genial look. Tyler was a heavy-built man with a rough visage, as might have been expected of one whose life was passed on the frontier. He was a bred soldier, and loved the service. His face had a pleasant smile at times, but was often impressed with the stern character of a military life. Fillmore had a lymphatic countenance—dull, except when lit up by business or pleasure. He was agreeable in society and interesting in conversation, to a degree much beyond many of his predecessors. He was of more than an average size, and of proportions that suggested dignity if not elegance. Buchanan was a feeble-looking old gentieman, whose white choker suggested the clerical order. His countenance, however, showed that he was not a man of progress, and rather suggested the fossil order of intellect.

Lincoln was the most uncouth of all

died in 1909.

The youngest of our presidents at the time of inauguration was Grant, who was forty-six. The oldest was Harrison, who was sixty-eeven. Our military heroes were chiefly advanced in years, Jackson being sixty-two, and Taylor sixty-five. The average of those to whom reference has been made is fif.y-eeven, which is the best period for ripe judgment—a time when experience unfolds its lessons unimpaired by the weakness of age.

The word "watch" was orig ormerly was not used in the formerly was not used in the low a vulgar acceptation that it now "Damsel" was the appellation young ladies of quality, and "Dam a title of distinction. "Knave" a signified a servant. "Variet" formerly used in the same sense calet. On the other hand, the w "Companion," instead of being honorable synonym of associate, me the same as "fellow." "Villain" the same as bondman. "Pedant, school master. Many words have

the same as bondinan.

school master. Many words have d
teriorated, and gained a sinister meaing at first foreign to them.

The word "cunning," for examp on no corresponding realities."
plode" formerly meant to drive of
stage with loud clapping of the ha-but gradually became exaggerate
its present signification. "Facetio the sense of buffoonery. "In originally signified freedom f ent" was only "unus a proser was a person who wrote prose and simply the antithesis of poet. The

CARLYLE'S REMINSCENCES.

lution will issue immediately a tiful Acme edition, elegant cloth t ing, of the "Reminiscences of The 2,000 booksellers who are agents in a parts of the United States.

ple of good sense throughout the w to despise pretense and hum whether exhibited by monarc whether exhibited by monarch or menial. Sensible people who want a good book at an honest price will buy it where they find it. There is in this country no law which gives to a fee-eign author, as it gives to an American, the right of the monopoly of the pub-lication of his book. If publishess choose to pay a foreign author any-thing, they can do it only as a "dona-tion," because he can give them in return no protection from competition. such donation, if they choose to do a without paying it to the published and trusting to the possibility of their paying it to the author for them. There is no donation included in the price above named. Readers who want to combine a possible donation and a positive price can get an edition of this same book from other publish ers at from two to eight times the price Address for estalogue, American Book

to tear your under-garments, and the shreds rend the very sir a bellow for John A. Anderson! I we tell you so? 'Rah for Asias derson! 'Rah for Cavy Tomas —Beloit Courier.